

great work it has been doing for the last forty years in the furnishing of so large a proportion of our ministers. Of course, his chief work on behalf of Christian education and the spread of the gospel was his endowment of the theological institution in Chicago which bears his name.

It is evident then that, great as are the results of Mr. McCormick's invention in enabling men to reap the material harvests of the world, still more beneficent and far-reaching are the results of his consecrated wealth in fitting men to reap God's spiritual harvest. The equipment of seminaries is obedience, of the most practical and fruitful kind, to the command given by the Saviour when he said: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest," for they are sending out annually large bands of soul-reapers, and will continue to do so for generations to come.

Mr. McCormick's private life was a singularly happy one. In nothing was the goodness of God to him more clearly shown than in his home life. In 1858 he married Miss Nettie Fowler, of Jefferson county, New York, an elect lady indeed, one whose earnest piety, loving spirit, and gracious address, made her the worthy help-meet of the gifted and large hearted man and stalwart Christian, whose life she brightened and blessed for twenty-six happy years, and who since his death has continued to abound in all good works. Of their seven children, five lived to grow up, the son who bears his father's name now occupying his father's place at the head of the great works in Chicago, and also wearing worthily his father's mantle as a Christian philanthropist. The great inventor died on the 13th of May, 1884. One of his friends has happily characterized the real secret of his success as follows: "That which gave intensity to his purpose, strength to his will, and nerved him with perseverance that never failed was his supreme regard for justice, his worshipful reverence for the true and right. The thoroughness of his conviction that justice must be done, that right must be maintained, made him insensible to reproach and patient of delay. I do not wonder that his character was strong, nor that his purpose was invincible, nor that his plans were crowned with an ultimate and signal success, for where conviction of right is the motive-power, and the attainment of justice the end in view, with faith in God, there is no such word as fail."

We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity offered by the centennial anniversary of his birth to pay this tribute of gratitude and affection to the memory of Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor, philanthropist, and man of God, and we rejoice that his name is forever linked with the great work of our own beloved school of the prophets.

Do we know ourselves or what good or evil circumstances may bring from us? Thrice fortunate is he to whom circumstances are made easy, whom fate visits with gentle trial and heaven keeps out of temptation.—Thackeray.

## Contributed

### WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST.

Matt. 22: 42.

Around the Master a "Contentious throng—  
In Pharasaic pride—  
Had gather'd, seeking to affix some wrong,  
That should make sure and fast, a felon's thong—  
Upon the Nazarene.

Shrewd questions would they ask, seeking to catch  
Some treason in his speech;  
Seeking by craft, his teachings now to match,  
That Roman law might seal the prison latch—  
Upon the Nazarene.

"Ho, Master!" quoth a lawyer, "what command  
Stands foremost of them all?  
For we would fain, Jehovah understand,  
And all seditious mandates would we brand—  
Tell us—O, Nazarene!"

"To love with earnest heart and soul and mind  
Thy God," He doth reply.  
And next to it, within the law we find—  
What may not be according to thy kind—  
A mandate, clear and clean.

"Thy neighbour thou shalt love e'en as thyself,  
Here law and prophets stand;  
Seek not by stealth to gather paltry pelf,  
Nor live alone in ease to pamper self,"  
Thus spake the Nazarene.

And now the Master would a question ask:  
"The Christ—whose Son is He?"  
'Tis He doth give logicians here a task,  
Ah, Pharasee,—and sadness un-mask—  
Show forth thy hate and spleen.

Quoth they in truth, "Jesus is David's Son"—  
To that they all agree.  
And thinking now their victory was won,  
The answer to the Master, neatly done,  
Fear'd not the Nazarene.

The Master turns upon the group a look,  
Presaging He had won.  
" 'Tis written in plain words upon the Book,  
'Sit, Lord, on my right hand'—thus David spoke;  
How, then, is Christ his Son?"

With a satanic rage and hate, their tongues were still'd,  
Nor dared they question more;  
"What think ye of the Christ?" a world shall thrill—  
True faith shall millions nerve, to do His will,  
Enthroned the Nazarene.

Wm. Laurie Hill.

Floral Manse, N. C., Feb. 19, 1909.

Prayer pierces through appearances to the reality of God, draws his presence about the soul, calms and strengthens the weary and tired heart.

A man once stopped a preacher in a street of London and said: "I once heard you preach in Paris, and you said something which I have never forgotten, and which has, through God, been the means of my conversion." "What was that?" said the preacher. "It was that the latch was on our side of the door, I had always thought that God was a hard God, and that we must do something to propitiate him. It was a new thought to me that Christ was waiting for me to open to him."